THE ENGLISH COTTER.

NEW WORLD.

THE ENGLISH PEASANT Studies, Historical, Local and Biographic By Richard Heath, Pp. vill., 382. The Century Company. SUNNY MANITOBA. Its Peoples and Its Indus-tries. By Alfred O. Legge. With Map and H-lustrations. Pp. 237. T. Fisher Unwin, London.

picts the easier and less restricted life in a since the time of the Kentish uprising under Richard II. In this he is a true disciple of Cobbett, who looked upon the mediaeval period as the golden age of English farm labor, compared with succeeding centuries. He speaks of a laughing harvest to the mere scratching of the drink as one of the worst influences in the life of the laborer at present, while quoting, if not the blizzard, where winter reigns for eight approvingly, at least without censure, the remark of an historian that the old-time peasant drank water only at rare intervals. Statistics But in his opinion it offers a better chance to the have led to some strange inferences as to the comparative comfort of the laborer in past Northern States of America." Manitoba simply times. But drink could not have been a blessing once and a curse now. It was only that the contrast between the laborer's condition and that of those above him, was less marked in former times. Even when he was a serf he was less distant from his master than he is now, when he is merely reckoned as a nameless unit in the "masses," over against a master who may be an equally unknown unit of the "classes." When the peasants themselves find a voice their utterances are strangely Mr. Heath gleans similar from age to age. from Langland's "Vision of Piers, the Ploughman," the fact that laborers would "no longer dine off stale vegetables, and were not even content with penny ale and bacon, but expected fresh meat or fish fried or baked, and that straight from the fire." That was well enough the fourteenth century. In fact, it was far better than the worker fared much of the time, for the old poet, in the name of his hero, confesses that he has no money to buy chickens or geese, and that he has only two green cheeses, a little curds and cream, and two loaves of beans and bran for his dinner, and not a scrap of bacon. Thus he was not, after all, so much better off than the Dorset cotter in the nineteenth century, who also has his poet, a master of his art. "In the neighborhood of Dorchester the cottagers kill a pig now and then," says Mr. Heath, "but they too commonly live on bread, cheese and potatoes"; and then he quotes from the Dorset poet, William Barnes, a few lines that show how much content sweetens simple fare. In a little poem on the father's return at eventime, the wife is made to say:

Your supper's nearly ready. I've a-got Some telities here a-doen in the pot; I wish wi' all my heart I had some meat. I got a little ceäke, too, here a-beäken on Upon the vier. 'Tis done by this time, though; He's nice and moist; vor when I were a-melikên o'n.

I stuck some bits of apple in the dough

There may have been in Langland's time a layer of humanity beneath that which he described. His peasant had the capacity to understand the affairs of the nation, and spoke not at all like a serf or one who had recently been alf acre by the highway." besides his homestead. But after all he was no better satisfied than the modern Dorset cotter who exclaims:

An' I be happy wi' my spot

O' freehold ground an' mossy cot. Then as now the pressure from above threatened to destroy the lowest class, that by which all the rest subsisted. The fierce satire of Longland was not significant of contentment with the state of things in mediaeval England. He, too, might have talked of the decay of a class of men more valuable to the country than the nobility, and then as now it could well be said that "to destroy a race of men who are at once free yet contented is to turn the natural supporters of things as they are into discontented serfs who will gladly see them overturned. Whatever hardships the English peasant has had to endure, he has shown in the long run always the same good qualities. Describing peasant life centuries of deer stealing, one might have sup posed, would have so ingrained poaching into the nature of a forester, that their removal would have only driven him to seek a new channel for the gratification of his propensity. But such has not been the case with the greater part of the population. The deer abolished, the laws concerning them a dead letter, and the de moralized people rapidly return to law-abiding ways." Among Northumbrian hinds and Cheviot shepherds, the value of education is as well understood as among people of more wealth. Mr. Heath speaks with emphasis of "the innate delicacy of the Dorset peasant," and yet he is the one who has "worked for generations at a lower money wage than any other member of the agricultural community." These are things never to be forgotten when the miseries of peasant life are considered. Human nature is almost always better than its environment. If it yield to immorality, to disease, to despair, it does so only when the tide is overwhelming, and it recovers quickly when the deluge has passed away. On the one hand, the feeling is to be condemned of those who deem the agricultural laborer an inferior species of animal compared with those above him. Hodge may betray the effects of meagre fare and unlimited labor, but another generation with plenty of food and more reasonable tasks shows how the race recovers its strength. He is neither dull nor coarse-minded, nor insensible to the joys and sorrows of his lot. He is represented everywhere "by natures of the gentlest "ould," unselfish and uncomplaining, thoughtful and wise. Considering the hardships of his existence, he has risen to the ranks of men of genius as often as the best of his neigh-To illustrate the real brilliancy of the gem which has so rude an exterior, Mr. Heath make an elaborate study of the lives of William Cobbett, the political essayist; of John Clare, the poet, and of William Huntington, the preacher, as typical English peasants. On the other hand is equally to be condemned the notion that no happiness can be got out of life by the peasantry. These people do not go through the world with a scowl of pessimistic discontent on their faces. It is on their character that the hope of future

One effect of education among the agricultural laborers is to make them seek other regions than those in which they were born. Thus England loses the best of them, rather than the worst. Those who would be incapable of improvement anywhere finish their days where they began. To the more capable ones among them an argument like that of Mr. Legge in behalf of Manitoba must come with great force, It is the work of an English resident in the territory named, who is in love with the coun-

form rests. They can and will respond to every

act of legislation in their behalf.

lish than any eastern province of Canada, and | calm courage, and was melted to tears only by | as those which press upon the laborer in the days. She welcomed death like the heroine and mother country. One man looks on himself as the queen that she was But Mme Du Barry Winter's interpretation of the actor is most in-HIS POSSIBILITIES IN THE OLD AND THE yet that there are no such divisions of caste mother country. One man looks on himself as the queen that she was. But Mme. Du Barry teresting and felicitous. He speaks also of Booth's the equal of every other man. There is no trace | wept and pleaded for her life. On her way to stage business, of his personal fascination, of his of the servility which is often thought to be a sign of good manners in a peasant in the Old screams for mercy, and her cries were so pitiful quisite utterance of Shakespeare's English, and he World. Self-respect makes them avoid the "hard- that the mob seemed half inclined to rescue her. speaks of these things with such knowledge and ness, cruelty and avarice, and the imperfect rec-These books both appeal ultimately to the ognition of the meum and tuum which occasion-English agricultural worker. The one seeks ally characterize the English settler." This Engremedies for his miseries at home, the other de- lish settler, of whom Mr. Legge and, indeed, Canadians generally, speak with contempt, is growing colony where lands are cheap, taxes never a peasant. He is more likely to be a scion low and the returns large for labor wisely of some well-to-do family, which is glad to directed, a region where tithes are unknown and be rid of him. But what the peasant, consciously landlerds can hardly be said to exist. If Mr. or unconsciously, is seeking to realize in his Heath is right in his account of the poverty native land is already the birthright of every and wretchedness of English cotters, then the man living in Manitoba. The Canadian, from pleture drawn by Mr. Legge must prove at- an English point of view, is a pronounced demotractive to them. Not that Mr. Heath's narra- crat, "allowing no superiority in intellect or tive is wholly dark. His aim is to show that | culture or wealth to influence his claim to perthe English peasant is worthy of all the effort | feet social equality. A man is taken at his made in his behalf, and that he has always werth, and in such estimate there is no place responded by improvements in himself and in for considerations of birth or occupation." The the conditions which he can control to every | Canadian does not find it necessary to assert his fraction of relief from oppression. He antici- equality. It simply does not occur to him that pates a day for the agricultural laborer as there can be two views on the subject. In all byour as those in the past have been sorrowful. this he is like his neighbors in the United States. But he dates the improvements in the laborer's | He is like them also in that with him, as with affairs from the moment when a trade union them, education is free. In Manitoba "any diswas first formed, and so he is obliged by his | trict in which there are fifteen children of school theory to deny the upward progress of labor age can claim the establishment of a public school, with a duly qualified teacher." Manitoba, as Mr. Legge represents it, deserves

neither the culogy nor the depreciation that have been expended upon it. It does not respond with soil, nor is it a "land of desolation, the home of months of the year, and the fair promise of harvest is perennially blighted by summer frosts." settler than "the sun-scorched and cyclone-swept the great majority of the human race the alternative of industrious labor or starvation, is not suspended in Manitoba." The capacity for hard work, the physical power to endure fatigue and exposure, and the aptitude for agriculture are indispensable. Those who have fair prospects at home are advised to stay there. The skilled agricultural laborer, with or without money, is the man who is wanted in Manitoba. In England such an one is often forced to board with his employer at a rate fixed by the latter, or to take his payment in kind. But the laborer is fed in Manitoba as part of his pay and the money wage is far in excess of the total known o an English laborer. He can save almost all of it, if he chooses, and may find himself within three years the owner of one hundred and sixty acres of land. Manitoba has as yet no poets like Longland or Barnes or John Clare; but such possibilities as that of owning a farm for one's self must appeal with more than poetic eloquence to the starved and crowded peasants of the old country. Only that most beautiful trait of human nature, love of home, one would think, could prevent a rapid thinning out in the population of England. This love of the cot in which he was born or in which he has lived long, though it may be comfortless and unhealthful, is a strong trait in the English peasant. Mr. Heath dwells upon it as ho describes the miser able homes of the poor throughout the English countryside. Houses in Manitoba are perhaps less picturesque than thatched cottages, but on Mr. Legge's showing, they do not breed disease, His book contains numerous illustrations and a map of Manitoba.

THE COURT OF LOUIS XV.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE COUNTESS DU BARRY.

LAST YEARS OF LOUIS XV. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Mar-tin. With portraits. Pp. vi., 220. Charles Scrib-ner's Sons.

While Louis XV went from bad to worse as he approached the day of his wretched and hidbound to the lands of another. He had not cous death, there came a figure into his later years that brightened, if it could not purify, the prosaic foulness of the court. This figure was, of course, not that of the Countess Du Barry. She served to dispel at times the weariness of the King, but her presence and her history only put a climax on the scandals of the reign. Her predecessors in the favor of the King had been aristocratic or ambitious. She was merely goodnatured. She had the instincts misdirected of a about five years intervened, however, between the woman of the people, and so her first thought great episade of his youth and his entrance into woman of the people, and so her first thought was always, not of governing, but of being gov erned. She seems never to have taken herself seriously as a woman of title. On the contrary, she was inclined to measure all things in her life with the King by standards already familiar to her. When she quarrelled with Choiseul, the King's Minister, who had been the friend of Mme, de Pompadour, and was to be looked upon as a benefactor by Marie Antoinette, she would gladly have made peace in the ready fashion of her working days with a bow and a kind word. And when she saw that the Minister was unyielding she put her wishes before the King in very domestic phrase. She told him how she had discharged her cook, and added: "I have got rid of my Choiseul; when are you going to get rid of yours?" Such were the sallies with or two. The verdict of the public was instantly which she amused a monarch whose only hope and unequivocally in favor of his retaining a postin life was to escape for a little while each day from being bored. M. de Saint-Amand is evidently rather partial to her as contrasted with Mme, de Pompadour. If she did no good, she did, in his opinion, far less harm than her scheming predecessor, who was eager for the activity and predecessor, who was eager for the activity and on to the erection of his theatre in New-York, on the fame of a great politician. The one, by her of the most substantial proofs of an actor's population. ambition, did France irreparable injury. She was loyal only to herself. The other meant no harm. She cared not who appointed Ministers and generals, and aside from her relations with the King, she had a feeling of loyalty which survived him. M. de Saint-Amand remarks upon the courage with which she protected in her house the wounded bodyguards in 1789. When Marie Antoinette thanked her she responded by offering everything she had to the Queen. "All that I possess," she wrote, "came to me from the royal family; I have too much gratitude ever to forget it." This was her message to a woman against whom, in the days of her power, she had felt some bitterness, a woman who could not see Du Barry without

> moral resentment. pearance changed somewhat the aspect of the court. To his own daughters the King was ceremoniously indifferent. But the beautiful wife of his grandson was one of the few creatures on earth for whom he could cherish a pure affection. Had it not been for a little unsteadiness and lack of constancy in her own treatment of the King, Marie Antoinette as Dauphiness might have wielded greater influence than she did. She was not merely the pet of the old monarch, she was the idol of the court and the nation. Everywhere she was looked upon as first in grace and beauty. "When, at the beginning of the second act of Glück's 'Iphigenia,' the chorus exclaims, 'Sing, let us celebrate our Queen," the public turns toward the Dauphin ess and salutes her enthusiastically, as if her reign had already begun." She did indeed suffer from the malicious intrigues of the court before she became Queen; but, compared with her later sorrows, her life as Dauphiness was unclouded. One of her most serious troubles was that of evading the Countess Du Barry. Her refusal to grant anything beyond the most ambiguous courtesy to the old King's mistress was the only point on which she steadily resisted the will of

Nothing could be more significant, as M. de Saint-Amand sets it forth, than the contrast between these two famous women in the presence that intensified his spell. His Hamlet was, as Mr.

her Empress mother.

an act of homage that reminded her of better | plain to intuition, that was what Booth considered

EDWIN BOOTH.

MR. WINTER'S EIGGRAPHY OF THE ACTOR.

LIFE AND ART OF EDWIN BOOTH, By W. New-York and London Macmi an & Co.

Glancing at the condition of theatrical art country early in the present century, Mr. Winter observes that America was then, in all matters relating to the stage, "a province of England." To Forrest, Charlotte Cushman and E. L. Davenport, who later dominated in the sphere of the acted drama, he attributes the origin of what we suppose will some day be called the American tradition. Edwin Booth did much to develop and enrich that tradition, and an epoch of splendid advancement is aproached in crossing the threshold of his career. We may be sure that the public which had apprec ated Junius Brutus Booth did not need to be made over again to sympathize with and appreciate his son; but National culture was in a transitional state during the late fifties, when Edwin returned from his adventurous apprenticeship in the far West to try his fortune in New-York and Boston, and the distinguishing feature of his work from that time or was that it stimulated, and in many directions created, a wider and deeper taste for really ad- Ethis, equate art than had existed before. The life of the actor is therefore illustrative in two ways, per sonally and historically. He was a great tragedian and he was a pioneer at a critical period of our "Other forces," says Mr. Winter, "have helped to accelerate progress and to foster the higher elements of the drama; but it was the influence of Edwin Booth that cleared and smoothed the way. . Every appellant to the best order of taste . . . found a readier hearing and an easier stands among the first as an agricultural taste... found a readier hearing and an easier and the plays of the stands among the first as an agricultural taste... found a readier hearing and an easier and the plays of the introduce a now heedless generation to a writer construct. But the "decree of nature, which offers conquest because Edwin Booth's ministrations had to introduce a now heedless generation to a writer conquest because Edwin Booth's ministrations had the plays of the conquest because Edwin Booth's ministrations had the plays of the introduce a now heedless generation to a writer conquest because Edwin Booth's ministrations had the plays of the introduce a now heedless generation to a writer conquest because Edwin Booth's ministrations had the plays of the introduce a now heedless generation to a writer conquest because Edwin Booth's ministrations had the plays of the introduce a now heedless generation to a writer conquest because Edwin Booth's ministrations had the plays of the developed acutences of perception, diffused refinement, awakened emotion, imparted spiritual know

edge of a lofty ideal and provided a high standard of dramatic art." The narrative which Mr. Winter elaborates as a basis for his conclusion just quoted is full and thorough, for the writer knew Booth intimately during many years, and the latter supplied him with pose to which they were to be put. The book also practice of making a single long story out of sev-draws its quality of fluish, of completeness, from eral short ones something he tried in "Bonaventhe character of its subject. There is much talk tension of the activity of the Comedie Française and some of its independent members to countries from his personality in the creation of a dramatic role. The question is as old as art itself. not be resumed here, save for the purpose of recalling Booth's unanswerable contribution to the pract cal elucidation of the difficulty. He proved, and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the best acting is that in which art is irradiated by gentus in which the outline of the poet is filled by the personality of the actor. This is what gave unit o his life and work, and what gives unity to Mr Winter's book about him. Art and nature with him, inexiricably blended, and in depletic m on and off the stage the historian follows th unfolding of one Indivisible and symmetrical thems of natural gifts. He had art-no actor of his tim nad more, in the best sense of the word-but in the analysis of it it is impossible to reduce it such considerations of technique, of method, of execution, as are associated with the interesting art of M. Got, for example. Mr. Winter speaks of Booth's distaste for recent theories of dramatic ar and of his adherence to "the tradition of his fathe and of Edmund Kean" Booth could not have he other tenets. It was the condition of his power father and Kean and Garrick and Mrs. Sidden and every other great ruler of the boards had held it before him-and not as something sufficient is

The drudgery of the theatre, for which he had al him. Early in his career, when he was acting su essfully under his brother's management in Call fornia, the latter was penetrating enough to say to him: "You have had a wonderful success for a young man, but you have much to learn." On the ter when he put Edwin's untrained faculties to the as Richard the Third with scarcely any warning Booth was only eighteen. The testimony of eye inspiration of one born to the stage. He were hi father's mantle as an inevitable right. A period o the undisputed control of his artistic inheritance well-known struggle in Western and Antipodear regions discovers unremitting study and labor or the actor's part. He saw the justice of his brother' criticism, and when the latter east him for utility parts in comedy, farce and burlesque be abandon without a murmur his continuous performance of such parts as Petruchio, Richard, Sir Giles Over a crushed tragedian," he once said to Mr. Winter gifts, Booth had, curiously, no expectation of attail ing the eminence which he subsequently enjoyed and in a note to Mr. Winter's manuscript he wrotthat the height of his expectation was to "become a leading actor in a New York theatre." As a star he felt that he was sure to wane in a seasor tion of prominence. His audacity and energy immense, and his triumph was commensurate in scale. His handling of a very wide range of cha acters was halled with ardor, and it was a steady retirement upon the death of Lincoln, that bore him to offer. Not the least of Mr. Winter's services to students of Booth's life is the light which he throw on the vicissitudes of Booth's Theatre. It is clearly shown in this volume that the enterprise was never the failure which it has been so frequently and s carelessly called. Booth's skill in finance was ten-ous to a degree and insufficient to tide him over the universal panic of 1873. But he had the confifar enlightened and potent in everything bearing ness man, who would have made the actor's interests his own, was needed to bring him safely past the crisis in which his property was lost. Mr. Win ter adds that Booth's personal bankruptcy, declared some months after his withdrawai from the the atrical scheme, was "in no way consequent upon" the earlier misfortune, but was due solely to his imperfect command of financial details. How well qualified Booth was as an actor to carry through anything he undertook is proved by the fact that

another fortune." Occurrences following the so called failure demonstrated beyond dispute 'might have carried his theatre had he chosen to remain at the head of it." But he could not main tain the leadership in such an adventure; it was irreconcilable with his poetic, visionary genius, and the course of events which his biographer de scribes, after parting with the subject of Booth' experience in management, was wholly normal. The record of the years extending from 1875 to the late autumn of the actor's life is a record of undiminished success as a travelling star. Its termination introduces the second division of Mr. Winter's book, an analysis of the art of Booth in his princtpal characters. "When I am enrapt in a character I am personating," said Booth, "there seems to be another and a distinct individuality, another me, sitting in judgment on myself." This shows the way in

which mind and roul co-operated with each other in Booth, Recalling his finest impersonations, his Hamlet, his Macbeth and his Richellen, it is gomembered that they bore in peculiar distinctness the impress of thought. No actor was ever more profound a student of the parts he essayed, and if Booth carried conviction to the minds of his culti-vated auditors it was largely because of the intellectual vigor and clearness of his conceptions. But it was most of all the fire of genius in him

try and the climate, and is sanguine as to its future. He declares that Manitoba is more Engof anguish, wretchedly clothed, met hatres with of anguish, wretchedly clothed, met hatres with far hand to some state of anguish and the climate, and is sanguine as to its of anguish wretchedly clothed, met hatres with far hand to some state of anguish wretchedly clothed, met hatres with far hand to some state of anguish wretchedly clothed and the climate, and is sanguine as to its of anguish wretchedly clothed, met hatres with far hand to some state of anguish wretchedly clothed and the climate, and is sanguine as to its of anguish wretchedly clothed and the climate, and is sanguine as to its of anguish wretchedly clothed and the climate and the climate, and is sanguine as to its of anguish wretchedly clothed and the climate far beyond the comprehension of pure intellect, but Only the knife itself put an end to her wailings. picturesqueness that an uncommonly vivid portrait is the result. Those who never saw him will be able to derive some idea of his power from Mr. Winter's study, Booth was fortunate in his biographer. No writer on the drama knew him better, sympathized with his ideals more sensitively, discriminated more justly in the apprehension of his art, or wrote of him in more accurate and cautiful diction No writer, moreover, has better acquainted with the imprement in which Booth was such a powerful factor. This biography is admirable for its historical, pictorial and critical veracity. It is admirable also for its pers ive. Up and down the pages are strewn vignettes of the players who flourished in Booth's time. The olleagues and surroundings of Booth are sketched with sufficiently elaborated touches to give him a background as well as a pedestal. In reading the book we are conscious of reviewing not only a man but a period. That its merits have already been widely recognized is shown by the fact that a third dition of it is to be brought out this month.

LITERARY NOTES.

Francis Parkman, the historian, left in the keeping of the Massachusetts Historical Society a brief autobiography, which is described as charming, Mr. Arlo Bates notes in "The Book-Buyer" that this personal record will be included in the blography of Parkman which is to be prepared by Dr

The new English edition of Turguenieff's works of about twelve volumes. They will will be of

have careful introductions and notes. The brilliant Russian's novels made their way among English and American readers before the period of literary enthusiasms or "booms" set in, and they have not evoked the noisy pufferies that have, for example, greeted the stories of Tolstoi and the plays of Ibeen. The new edition may serve of remarkable powers.

Mr. Cable complains, in "The North American Re-" that his pen is a slow one. In fact, he says of that provoking implement: "I have never heard of any story-producing pen so slow as the one here of any story-producing pen so slow as the one here writing. The novel it is just completing stands for nearly eighteen months of work, and was befor nearly eighteen months of work, and was become rearranged. Wr. Cable condemns the all necessary biographical data, knowing the pur- gun three years ago." Mr. Cable condemns the ture." Nor does he approve the building of a long François Buloz; he had recently come to Paris nowadays about the "art" of acting; and the ex- story round a short one, as in "The Grandlesimes" (three syllables). "The only method I know by ex- business. When he entered the "Revue" office he perience to be worse," he declares, "Is the exother than France, has removed lively argument as to whether the artist is or is not to be separated in 'Doctor Sevier.' Fact and fiction are twin hand"But what's the matter?" demanded the Genevese in 'Doctor Sevier.' Fact and fiction are twin hand-mailens of truth, but the man who takes them both to wife at once will not get the best of either. I have not done it since, and shall never do it again." The plot of the novel he is just completing is, its other adds, more his own, he believes, than any he has before put into a sustained work. We have Mr. Cable's word for the fact that this new novel contains a life-sized villain—the first he has ever

> Some of Mr. Cable's readers may quarrel with his literary theories as set down in this article; but they will concede that he chats very pleasantly, with a neat suggestion of humor, about his own

Miss Wormeley's latest translation from the French of Baltac is to be published soon by Roberts Brothnder the title of "Memoirs of Two Young Married Women.

Mr. Swinburne has dedicated his forthcoming "Astrophel and Other Poems," to sook of lyrics. his friend and brother poet, William Morris,

A letter written by Charlotte Brente in 1852 to her friend "Ellen" has just been published in England for the first time, it is supposed. It breathes all the melancholy of doleful Haworth. "Perhaps," he says, "you think that, as I generally write with some reserve, you ought to do the same. My reerve, however, has its foundation, not in out in necessity. I am silent because I have literally othing to say, I might, indeed, repeat over and over again that my life is a pale blank, and often felt sure of it, and began to give his crankiness which figured in the Japanese exhibit at the very weary burden, and that the future sometimes full play. Never was autocrat more arrogant. To place. These works are all artistic in spirit and spalls me; but what end could be answered by attentions of the best writers in France he said: "Person execution. They alone prove that the co-operation execution." appalls me; but what end could be answer d by at ch repetition except to weary you and enervate my- haps I'll print your article-if I find it good the Sculpture Society with the League is self! The evils that now and then wring a groan enough! But I'll pay you nothing not a sou. fruitful and desirable. A great deal more in the from my heart lie in position not that I am a sin- Surely you will be amply repaid by the honor of galleries provokes reflections of not anything like the woman and likely to remain a single woman and likely to be of course, if your work merits it, I may pay you onely. But it cannot be helped, and therefore imfor subsequent articles. But not a sou for this," eratively must be borne, and borne, too, with as Was there a revolt against such tyranny? On the ew words about it as may be.
"I write all this just to prove to you that what-

ver you would freely say to me you may just as

A Bronte society, which is to collect and publish nteresting information concerning Charlotte and her family, and a Bronte museum, wherein are to be exhibited MSS, relies, drawings, editions of he sisters' works, and other objects, have just been stablished in Bradford, Yorkshire, It is thought that to Dr. Wright's lately published book on the Brontes is due this revival of popular interest.

in this country is that owned by Mrs. R. C. Waterton, of Massachusetts. These autographs were accumulated by the Dowager Lady Byron. One of called. the MSS, is a bit of verre supposed to be in the with Buloz against his editing of copy, andwriting of Dean Swift. handwriting of Dean Swift.

The copyright royalties on the late Guy de Mau-much better than you do!"
"Doubtless," replied Buloz; "but then I know passant's books will, it is estimated, yield about \$6.000 a year; last year they produced \$8,000. De what I want to print much hetter than you do. You Maupussant's heir is a niece. She is keeping all his

Miss Elizabeth Peabody, whose death was recorded in The Tribune on Friday-"Saint Elizabeth," as | more. some of her intimates used to call her-was one of the most interesting of old ladies. Her mind was gored with memories of Emerson, Hawthorne, all Thoreau, Channing, Motley and Curtis, and she a Thoreau lover called on her in her little apartment near the rallway station at Jamaica Plain, and discussed with her a prospective trip along the Concord and Merrimack and about Walden Pont. the came out of the abstraction in which she sat. tiny, fruit, transparent figure; and after explaining that she lived far more in the future than in the present, thinking far more of the libble than of any other book in the world, she took up the thread of her interlocutor's discourse. She never relin-quished it for over an hour. When her memory would say-she would ask to be reminded of the would resume until her monologue was interrupted in the same way after ten or fifteen minutes. It was very much a monologue, for no one could want to break in upon her as she cat and utered story after story of the old Concord and Cambridge circles. She remembered Thoreau as a shy man, and spoke of Hawthorne and Motley as having been handsome beyond the lot of most men she had known. The Brook Farm experiment she considered too impracticable altogether, but she was still fond of Curtis, whom she recalled as a particularly attractive sharer in the enterprise. She had seemed to her to promise all the distinction which in the long run he achieved. "In downright smartness," she said, "Mr. Dana was about at the

Miss Peabody was a remarkable instance of unimpaired intellectual vitality. She was so old and feeble that she seemed like a child in her huge sofa, and it seemed natural enough to hear her refer to conversations which she thought she held with people in the next world. She knew she was still earth, she said, but she felt so near to heaven that she couldn't believe that she could not se and hear the friends there. But her laugh was as

Mr. W. H. Dawson, the author of "German So cialism and Ferdinand Lassalle," and of Bismarck and State Socialism," is about to publish, through the Appletons, a study of Teutonic life and institutions under the title of "Germany and the Germans."

Somebody still "reads Dickens," after all, group of children were found not long ago, placing flowers at the feet of the novelist's statue park at Sydney. When asked why they were doing Australians answered simply, "It's it, the little the story-writer."

BUILDING UP A MAGAZINE.

AN EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF THE "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

The election of M. Brunetière to be the Editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" marks an epoch in the history of that well-known periodical. Hitherto, throughout practically its whole career, been under the sway of what has been dubbed the Buloz dynasty. François Buloz was for many years the absolute arbiter of its fortunes, and after him his son Charles. But in the hands of the latter the sceptre of authority at length wavered and then fell. A short time ago he was constrained to resign his editorship altogether, amid circumstances neither pleasant nor creditable, and now the stockholders have chosen another man to fill the place. and the name of Buloz will no more be known where for two generations it was well-nigh om nipotent.

This famous review was founded about sixty-five years ago, in a far different form from that in which it now appears. Externally it was decidedly pretentious, its cover bearing an elaborate design by Tony Johannot. This displayed two female figures—a North American Indian, scantily clad, and holding in her hands an olive branch; and a French woman, in classic attire, leaning against a pillar on which were inscribed the names of various illustrious men. These figures illustrated the significance of the title, "Revue des Deux Mondes." Within, however, the periodical did not fulfil the promise of its face. Its contents were confined exclusively to articles on travel and geography, and these were not original, but mere reprints from other publications, books and papers. No wonder, that the venture was unsuccessful. It struggled along for two or three years, and then, with a total subscription list of less than four-score, prepared to give up the ghost. Just as the supposedly last number was going to press, however, them, obstinate to a degree; all around an uncommonly, hard man to get on with. His name was from Geneva, and he had some money to invest in found every one suffering from the blues. They

crank; "why don't you make the thing a success "If you think that an easy task, try it yourself," was the reply.

"Very well," responded M. Buloz, "I'm ready. What will you take for it? "Whatever you'll give!" The concern was really

worth nothing to its owners. "Good. I'll give you 500 francs. Is it a bargain? Very good! With your permission I'll take charge of the place at once." And so the Buloz dynasty

Two great changes were at once effected by M. Buloz. He threw Tony Johannot's picture into the waste-basket and gave the review the severely simple cover it has ever since worn, and he decreed that pen and ink should take the place of shears and the paste-pot. He went to the University and asked the leading members of the faculty to write articles, and to other eminent men on the same errand. They hesitated. The review was dying, they said. But he assured them it was very much alive, and would soon be the foremost magazine by R. P. Bringhurst; a graceful nude by the same sculptor; a striking "Torso for him; and their example led a host of literary aspirants to seek M. Buloz's patronage. Emile having your name appear in my 'Revue.' In future, contrary; the best writers of France competed with each other in their eagerness to write for the "Revue" on those terms. Thus the magazine soon became what its editor had declared it would be As for its contributors, they became immortal for thirty years every man elected to the French Academy was chosen from their ranks.

François Buloz was the editor of this magazine in the strictest sense of the term. No matter who was the author of a contribution, he went over it, page by page, line by line, changing it and cutting it or adding to it as he pleased. Thus he put a cer-One of the most valuable collections of autographs | tain impress of his own individuality upon every page of the "Revue." This gave the periodical a uniformity, not to say monotony, of style; the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' color" it has been It is told that Guizot once remonstrated

write," he said. "I know what I want to write

write what you please and I'll print what I please,

Thoreau lover called on her in her little apartent near the railway station at Jamaica Plain.

ownership was vested in a corporation, the stock being divided into eighty shares, of a par value of only \$100 each. The nominal capitalization is therefore only \$8,000, on which the annual dividends of profits seidom are less than 1,000 per cent, and sometimes have been much more. There is a strict rule that no member of the corporation shall sell any of the stock to an outsider without the unanimous consent of his colleagues, and this has served to keep it the very closest of close corporations.

When François Buloz died, in 1877, he was succeeded by his son Charles, who held just half of the capital stock, and who continued the editorial manners and methods of his father. He was not only the editor, but the sole editor. There was no associate or assistant or sub-editor. There was no one but himself and his two or three secretaries. Whether M. Brunetière will follow his example is not certain. There are rumors that he will not, but that he will have one or more colleagues in his work and will relax the rigid rules of editing, so as to let contributors say over their own signatures pretty much what they please. Time will tell. But if the "Revue" is to maintain its traditions intact, it could have no better editor for that purpose than Ferdinand Brunetière. For he was for a number of years chief secretary first to François and then to Charles Buloz, and became thoroughly inctured with the "Revue des Deux Mondes' color." He has been a voluminous writer of magazine articles and of books, and one of his works, "Le Roman Naturaliste," was crowned by the Academy. It is to be observed, too, that he got the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in 1887, four years in advance of Charles Buloz. If, therefore, M. Brunetière desires it, he may say, as each of his predecessors has done in turn, "La Revue, c'est moi!"

From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

merry and her observations were as shrewd at they could have been during hef years of activity among some of the eleverest people of her time. She was in a word, delightful.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, in his new novel, the publication of which has just begun in "Lippincati's Magazine," has used much the same motive as that employed in his "Translation of a Savage"—the incursion upon a conventional English family of high rank of a semi-barberle member. It is not a beautiful Indian girl in this case, however; it is a masculine halfbreed who, if we may judge by the same motive as the lost power over the fails, and this amount will a masculine halfbreed who, if we may judge by the saved every year."

From The St. Louis Gobe-Democrat.

"Nlagara Falls," said Charles M. Fox, of Seattle way of wholestie power-creating. There is a proposition well under way in our part of the country to make use of the Snoqualmie Fails for generating electric power. These fails are within twenty miles order, they would be regarded as phenomenal in any country but this. Experts have decided that from 10,000 to 15,000 horse-power can be obtained from the fails easily, and this would be ample to run the afteret railroad and electric lighting plants of Seattle and of other smaller towns, besides leaving a surplus to be rented out for manufacturing purposes. A million dollars is sufficient to chain the lost power over the fails, and this amount will

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS.

REVIVAL OF ACTIVITY IN THE GALLERIES SCULPTURE AT THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE'S EXHIBITION-MR. CHAMPNEY'S PASTELS AFTER OLD EUROPEAN ARTISTS-MINOR AFFAIRS.

Now that the holidays are over, there will be a brisker atmosphere prevailing in the galleries. The Architectura! League's exhibition closes on Tuesday night, but it will be speedily followed by the Dutch, Norwegian and Swedish pictures from the World's Fair, and the Autumn ends on the 13th, gives place to the exhibitions of the Water Color Scelety and the Etching Club, two important societies whose displays will be in readiness early next month. Mr. Keppel yesterday an interesting exhibition of Mr. Joseph Pennell's etchings and drawings, to which we will return presently, and from January 11 to 27 Mr. Avery will show two-score new Venetlan waterolors by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. The Union League Club opens its regular monthly exhibition on Thursday. At the Groller Club are the pastals by Mr. Champaey referred to below. Other attractions are impending, which will be noticed in due time. We may add that two pictures have been sold at the Academy sines last Sunday, "A Bavarian Pensant," by Jessie M. Anthony, \$100, and "The Keynote," by De Scott Evans, \$275. When the co-operation of the Architectural League and the Scuipture Society was first spoken

of it was expected that the latter, as a society, would be conspicuous in the new enterprise. It is

conspicuous in the exhibition now being held at the

building of the American Fine Arts Society, but as an influence, chiefly, for its name is not in the catalogue, and there is nothing to show that the extensive plastic exhibit is due to a special, organized movement. Nothing except the fact that it is more extensive than it has been heretofore. That is perhaps sufficient. We wish we could say that the first efforts of the Sculpture Society were as successful in respect to quality as to quantity, but it seems to us a mistaken idea that the truth should be glossed over in speaking of a new artis-tic society simply because it is young. What ought to be more stimulating to the members of the present association is the observation that they must strengthen their exhibit next year. This time it is uneven, and discloses an anxiety to make a show at any price. The good things are few. The mediocrities are many. What is wanted is not merely an exhibition of sculpture, but an exhibition of good sculpture. Then the society will be realized and good taste will be fos-tered. The best lesson it teaches now—and it is an important lesson—is the value of artistic sculpture in public buildings. Mr. Bitter's two pediments for a railway station in Philadelphia are admirable specimens of architectural decoration. The extreme animation of his style he sometimes pushes too far, but in doing so he is erring on the right side, and on such a building as that for which these pediments were modelled he could not have too much movement and dash in his designs. A railway station suggests motion, rapidity, an onvard impulse, and these are exactly the qualities Mr. Bitter expresses in his sculptures. It is his vitality which makes his panel of choristers for a carriage drive also a satisfactory work, but he is interesting in this for other reasons, too, for the eleverness of his composition and the charm of his Mr. Rhind's door for Trinity youthful types. Mr. Rhind's door for Trinity Church is good, with rezervations. Its realism is commendable and so, in a measure, is the touch of severity which dignifes the panels; but the handling wants more ease than it possesses. It is wise to be severe in a monumental work of the sort, but it is unfortunate to be stiff, and Mr. Rhiad is certainly a little stiff. In the single panel sub-mitted in this competition, an "Expulsion from Eden," he is far more elastic and far more attractive. He ought not to have abandoned his freedom in carrying out the whole scheme. Among the smaller pieces we have noticed Mr. Macmon nies's "Pan"; an effective "Paolo and Francesca," by the same sculptor; a striking "Torso of a Girl," in Europe; and then he added that he was quite by Alphonse Legros; some decorative allegorical ready to pay good prices for contributions in advance of publication. Thus he finally prevailed upon Guizot, Cousin, Villemain and others to write for him; and their example led a host of literary ported by two stately figures. There are also in Girardin, George Sand, Prosper Mérimée, Alfred de Musset were presently enrolled on his list of contributors, and it began to look much as if the "Revue" were indeed to become the leading literary periodical of Europe. The cranky cellier literary periodical of Europe. The cranky editor Fair, and the twelve brilliant faicons in bronze in silence. Errors of judgment are inseparable from the debut of a new organization. We have no doubt that in the future every precaution will be taken against the admission of fourth-class work, and that the first absolutely independent exhibition of the Sculpture Society-which occurs a year hence-will be one of unqualified merit. Mr. Ruskin has lumped all the copyists together

the man who copies himself, since he has "the worst original." Mr. J. Wells Champney appears as a copylst in an exhibition of pastels by him now holding at the Grolier Club, but he has had some of the best originals, and he has copied them so well that although we suppose Mr. Ruskin would consider the offence aggravated thereby, to a less atrabilious eye "contemptible" doesn't seem the proper cpithet at all. La Tour, Liotard, Nattier, Chardin, Rosaiba Carriera, Mtgnard, David and Gerard are names which practically never occur in a New-York exhibition, and you cannot vituperate a man for attempting to reproduce some of their characteristics where they are so scarce. Especially when he does it so well. Mr. Champney is a pastelist of a good deal of accomplishment. He has neither rapidity, intuitive draughtsmanship, nor brilliancy of style, three essentials at the highest stage of pastel painting, but he has facility, taste, delicacy, suavity of touch, and no one in America is in certain elements of reinement, clegance and polish better suited to copy such artists as Roealba and La Tour. His carmations may be less pure and lovely, his linish may be less miraculous, his tones may be less limpli and silvery than theirs, but he apworst original." Mr. J. Wells Champney appears write what you please and I'll print what I please.
Surely that is fair."
"Well," responded Guizot, "if you don't print my articles just as I write them, I'll not write any more."
"Very good," was Buloz's ultimatum, "and if I can't print them as I please I won't print them at all!"

The end of it was that Guizot went on writing and Buloz went on editing. Nor was the editor content with revising the manuscripts. He read every line of the proof-silps, and then again the revised proofs, often making many emendations at this third reading, which, he declared, was the most careful of all.

The old offices of the "Revue" were in a dingy little house in the Rue Saint-Benoit. But financial prosperity zoon enabled it to take sumptions quarters in the Rue de I'Université. Years ago the womership was vested in a corporation, the stock being divided into eighty shares, of a par value of only \$5,000, on which the annual dividends of profits seidom are less than 1,000 per cent, and sometimes have been much more. There is a strict rule that no member of the corporation shall sell any of the stock to an outsider without the unant-mous consent of his colleagues, and this has served.

The American Art Association is exhibiting at mouse consent of his colleagues, and this has served.

Tour. His carnations may be less pure and lovely, mis hins shi may be less limpid and silvery than theirs, but he approximates very closely to them in the character of his work, and his exhibition and the allipid. All the artists we have mentioned are represented, and there are still others like Franciers of his work, and his gallery of old portraits is delightful. All the artists we have mentioned are represented, and there are still others like Franciers of his work, and his gallery of old portraits is delightful. All the artists we have mentioned are represented, and there are still others like Franciers of his work, and his gallery of old portraits is delightful. All the artists we have mentioned are represented, and there are still others like

as "contemptible," with a special denunciation for

The American Art Association is exhibiting at present a miscellaneous collection of Japanese and Chinese perceiains, bronzes, lacquers, fabrics and so forth belonging to Kahichi Sano, of Tokio. It con-Chinese perceiains, bronzes, lacquers, fabrics and so forth belonging to Kahichi Sano, of Tokio. It contains some excellent objects, but nothing which calls for express comment. The collection is to be sold on the afternoons of January 8, 9 and 19. At these galleries there are just now three marbles by Rodin of very great beauty and personal significance. Rodin is extraordinarily sensitive to the sensuous charm of the nude female form, and in two of the sculptures—in a standing "Eve" and a composition of two figures called "Love's Flight"—a great deal of his fascination is due to his superbontours and hyper-subtle modelling, to his spentieness of touch. But in both these and in the Bellona," a helmsted bust that is fairly atlane with the spirit of battle, he is first of all what he never fails to be—a sculptor of astounding virility and passionate, forceful imaxination. Rodin, with all his faults, and he has some that run deep, is tremendous in power. His "Eve" is a masterplece. This is, indeed, the mother of a race, the anguished expiator of a great sin. The conventional "Eve" of plastic art is a soulless, colorless, insufferably dehumanized creature, however graceful she may be. Rodin's interpretation of her makes her a living, breathing woman, compact of as real and as complex instincts as a woman of to-day, and it is a most impressive work of art, it is to be hoped that the marbles will eventually be made part of some regular public exhibition. At the Fifth Avenue Art Callerles there will be sold to-morrow and Tuesday eventuags a number of oil paintings and others. They include a few works by J. F. Murphy, C. C. Curran, C. M. Dewey, C. W. Eaton, Sanchel Color, They had held a few works by J. F. Murphy, C. C. Curran, C. M. Dewey, C. W. Eaton, Sanchel Color, Sanchel Helder, and Barge canwas attributed to Sir John and Reynolds, but of small artistic value. Kinekner's Gallery, at No. 7 West Twenty-eignths, is, is at present hung with the nictures sent to Chiengo by the Roman Society of Painters in Water Chicago by the Roman Society of Painters sent Color. Some of these painters—Corelit, Pennacchit and Tiratelli, particularly—though shallow last the tonality, are strong technicians, handling their medium with much spontaneity and effect. Their works have not been catalogued, and we will not attempt to describe them, but it is to be said of them generally that no one will regret a half-hour spent in their company.